



NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,  
OR  
GAZETTE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1815.

NO. 43.

*HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;*  
OR, THE  
COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

"GAD, you are right," replied the puppet, "yet this must be a bumper toast: Gentlemen, stand up, fill your glasses, and drink, ' May, olive-branches spread round the castle of Dumfries !'" This piece of indelicate wit, received the applause of greater part of the company, though I evidently perceived it hurt Oswald's feelings: who, in a few minutes afterwards, called upon me for a sentiment, adding, that we must not forget the ladies would expect us soon. After a pause of a few moments I was again called upon by the laird of Dumfries, and gave the following—

"May a union of person be ever combin'd  
"With a union of taste, and refinement of  
mind !"

This sentiment received universal approbation, and was followed by several others: in short, all my endeavours proved fruitless to prevent the little laird from making himself *beastly drunk*, and instead of joining the ladies, he was forced to be carried to bed by the servants. I could not help pitying Oswald's distress on this occasion; who, instead

of joining in the jokes, which were passing, could scarcely refrain from tears; "I would," said he to me, pressing my hand with fervor, "rather have given a thousand guineas than this had happened; what can we say to Emma? Great God! how completely will she be disgusted."

I advised him to say, that Du Bois had informed him his lordship was subject to violent giddiness if he drank more than a prescribed quantity of wine; and that, on those occasions, it was necessary to keep him quite composed.

This account, so far from alarming, appeared a great relief to the lovely Emma, who, turning to her sister, said in a whisper, "Thank heaven, then, my dear Eliza, I shall sleep with you to-night!" The party gradually withdrew, and about twelve we all retired to our different apartments. Sleep, however, refused to close my eyelids, for I could not help reflecting on the ill assorted union; and it was near four in the morning before my weary frame enjoyed the comfort of repose. I was awakened by the thumping of some heavy package, which was evidently carrying down stairs; when jumping out of my bed, and opening the window shutter, I was astonished at perceiving it near eleven o'clock. A carriage and four stood at the door, on which the servants were fastening a large travelling trunk; I

dressed myself with the utmost expedition, and entered the breakfast parlour just as an out rider declared every thing ready for the expedition. The pallid Emma sat on a sofa by her mother, whose maternal arms encircled her lovely form; Eliza, habited in a traveling dress, was seated on the other side of her, whilst the anxious Oswald was pacing up and down the room. The laird of Dumfries, in a few moments, entered, exclaiming, "Come, my slow love!" with a theatric accent, but a countenance wholly unmoved.

"Yes, yes, come my beloved Emma, said Oswald, "we must not protract this heart-rending adieu; it will be too much for your poor mother;—now, my child, let me conduct you to your carriage." He laid an emphasis on—your carriage—as, if hoping the possession of an equipage could turn the course of natural feelings.

"I will see the last of my child," said the agonized mother, clasping her still more closely to her breast. "And, Dumfries," continued she, fixing a steadfast eye upon him, "if you are not kind and tender to this dear object of my fondest affection, may the Almighty shower down his bitterest curses on your head!" So saying, she almost dragged the reluctant Emma to the carriage, whilst Oswald and Dumfries actually lifted her in; Eliza bounded on the step after her sister, whilst the little laird skipped after them; the door was closed in an instant, and, in a few seconds, they were out of sight.

My feelings were so completely affected by the scene I had witnessed, that I actually stood like a being without sense or motion, for of all the women I had ever yet beheld, Emma Oswald was the one on whom I should have wished to bestow the beloved and endearing name of wife. Her beauty, doubtless, was exquisitely attractive, but it was the mind-illumined face that touched my feelings, and made an instantaneous way to my heart. Had I beheld her married to a man capable of estimating her intellectual worth, I should have rejoiced at it, for I had always ridiculed the idea of a sudden attachment; but when I reflected that a

being, formed by nature to confer and receive happiness, was destined to be miserable, I could not avoid pitying her misfortunes, and my affections exceeded their accustomed bounds; I thought of the engagement I had entered into with Jane as a restraint upon my inclinations, and I resolutely determined to break my fetters. All these ideas passed in my mind during the few moments I beheld the struggle the dear girl suffered at being torn from her natural protectors, and placed under that of a being for whom it was impossible for her to feel any other sensation than that of aversion or contempt.

Mr. Oswald led, or rather brought his wife into the breakfast parlour, for she fainted the moment the carriage was out of sight, and it was several minutes before we perceived the slightest symptoms of life. The first words she said upon recovering her faculties, were, "Oh, Oswald! you have destroyed the happiness of your child; I see she hates, I know she detests her husband, and I have been a silent spectator of this cruel sacrifice!"

"Compose yourself, my dearest Eliza," said Oswald; "what you suppose antipathy is merely maiden fears, or, I should rather say, the effect of filial attachment; you know our daughter was never separated from us before. When she arrives at Dumfries Castle she will be gratified by the homage she will receive, and the temper of her husband will, in time, insure her affection, for never did man possess a more amiable disposition than the laird of Dumfries."

"They are as opposite as light and darkness Oswald, and how can beings so distinct ever assimilate? What a wretch he must have been, what a beastly creature, to get intoxicated even on his wedding-night; had you been guilty of such a piece of brutality, Emma, I can assure you, would never have been born."

"I would have given a thousand guineas it had not happened, I allow," replied Oswald; "yet it was in toasting the health of the woman he loves to distraction which occasioned his being guilty of the fault."

"Fault!" repeated Mrs. Oswald, "why the despicable creature did not even seem to think he had committed one, for he met me with as much composure this morning as if no disgraceful circumstance had occurred."—"Well, well, my love, let us not talk of, or think about it," rejoined Oswald; "I have given Emma a few hints which I am persuaded will be serviceable to both, in case a similar circumstance should happen at Dumfries Castle."

Though I endeavoured to give a different turn to the conversation, yet my own ideas were completely filled with the lovely girl's image, and I cursed my destiny for not having visited Oswald in my way to my native city, for then I fancied I might have been supremely happy, as my untractable thoughts whispered there was a strong similarity in Emma Oswald's and my disposition.

Several of Mrs. Oswald's friends, who had attended the inauspicious nuptials of her daughter, soon arrived to console her for the loss she had sustained, and the day passed off with greater cheerfulness than I had expected. Upon retiring to rest I took myself to task very severely for the sensations I had encouraged, and, pulling out one of the amiable Jane Mackintosh's artless epistles, accused myself of ingratitude to the amiable girl.—All would not do, however; the image of the too lovely Emma Oswald (for I actually could not bring myself to call her Lady Dumfries) forced itself upon my imagination, and I lay tossing and tumbling in my luxurious bed the greater part of the night. The clock had just struck four, sleep had never closed my eyelids, when I was suddenly startled by a violent ring at the bell;—the idea that some accident had happened to the too interesting Emma struck me, and I hastily sprang out of bed.

Aurora had just begun to illumine the horizon, as herald of Phœbus' more glorious beams, and I clearly beheld a man on horseback in the act of ringing a second time at the gate. "Who are you? and what do you want?" I demanded, though my agitation was

so violent I could scarce make the enquiry.

"Is one Squire —— here?" enquired the fellow; "for I have been riding after him upon life and death, night and day; poor Miss Mackintosh be dying, but this paper will tell the squire all about it," holding up a letter, as if he expected I could reach it: one of the servants, however, had, by this time, opened the door and received the epistle, which was from the lady under whose care I had placed my amiable cousin. The purport of it was to inform me, that the dear girl, ten days back, had been seized with the measles, and, though the greatest care had been taken of her, the disease had settled upon the lungs, and that two physicians had pronounced her recovery apparently impossible. After having given me this melancholy intelligence, Mrs. —— intreated me to hasten to her with the utmost speed, as the amiable object of her solicitude was perfectly sensible of her situation, and only expressed a wish of living until she could see me.

I roused my man with the utmost expedition, and sent him to the Rose for a post-chaise and four; ordered him to mount the best horse in the landlord's stable, and ride forward to have relays prepared. In less than half an hour I was seated in the carriage, and intreated Mr. Oswald's servant to apologize to his master for my sudden departure, and to assure him I should return to Carlisle in the course of a few days; for we had not arranged the business which induced me to make him a visit. By the promise of a reward proportioned to the speed of the drivers, I travelled with a rapidity scarcely to be conceived; and, in justice to myself, I must inform my readers, that Emma's image never once occurred to my imagination; my whole soul was then devoted to the poor sufferer, and I scarcely allowed myself time to take the slightest refreshment. I reached the house of Mrs. —— about nine in the evening, and that excellent and accomplished woman met me at the door.

*(To be continued.)*

## HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

From the Liverpool Courant.

"AMONGST my acquaintance, there was one whom I unfortunately selected as my bosom friend, merely because his inclination for the stage was equally strong with my own; though at the same time he had other predominant evil propensities, which I was fortunate enough to discover, ere I had fallen a sacrifice to them. One night we were both pennyless, yet see the play we must; what was to be done? "I have it," said Tom—"keep an eye to the door, and the first time the stage keeper comes out we can slip behind the scene: I'll hide in one of the lumber chests, and you shall creep into *Magog*."

*Magog* was a large figure, made to represent the giant of that name: he had been used in a pantomime at the beginning of the season, but now stood behind the scenes: the body was large enough to contain a moderate sized man:—the limbs were so constructed that by pulling a rope, the whole figure would drop to pieces. This hollow piece of mechanism had served Tom for a hiding place before; as we had planned, so it succeeded—I found myself safely lodged in the carcass of *Magog*, with the pleasing certainty of seeing the play, by creeping out the first opportunity, and presenting myself as just come from the front of the house. I was scarcely fixed in my new habitation, when the stage keeper returned, accompanied by the managers, who gave orders to prepare every thing for the representation of the pantomime, which was to be exhibited in lieu of the farce advertised, owing to the indisposition of a favorite performer. Alarmed to agitation, I determined to facilitate my escape the moment their backs were turned: but unfortunately the first preparation was begun on the giant: the ropes were properly fixed, the head fitted to the body, and the monster drawn from the wall, to be in greater readiness for his appearance.

"He's contounded heavy," says the carpenter, "I wish he was lighter," thought I. All my hopes of escape

vanished; to creep out in his present situation was impossible, without throwing down the whole of the apparatus. This I durst not risk; but made a solemn resolution if I escaped discovery this time, never to be guilty of the like again.

Three hours passed, the most painful I had ever known. The scene drew up, *Magog* was discovered, the different characters skipping about with the greatest alacrity, till one entered dressed as a landlord with a large bowl of punch, which after some time was poured down *Magog*'s throat, and bedewed me in a plentiful manner. Almost suffocated with heat, the cold contents of the bowl were tolerably pleasant for the moment; but the consequence was a violent cold and fever, which confined me for nearly a month afterwards. At length Harlequin gave the necessary signal, the figure dropped to pieces, and discovered its contents, to the surprise and astonishment of every one: covered with cobwebs and dirt, wet to the skin, pale and trembling with fear—the house roared with laughter. Not long did I continue their spectacle, but took to my heels, overturning every thing that stood in my way, and rued the time I first thought of getting into *Magog*.

As it was more than probable the affair would get wind, I determined to relate the whole without disguise. My father said I was rightly served; he hoped it would teach me to be above such mean dirty tricks in future. My mother's mind was greatly hurt at my exposure, and her generous heart grieved that I should be reduced to such shifts for money. "My dear son," said the best of mothers, while the tear of affection stole down her cheek, "I am filled with shame and sorrow; the principles of honor and honesty which your father and I have labored to inculcate, are I fear dying away, and in their place profligacy has taken ropt. How am I to account for this? What company do you keep? Be cautious in that particular—'tis the rock on which many a hopeful bark has split.—You are now arrived at years of discretion, and, we can do no more than advise, but r enig

ber your future happiness or misery depends upon the choice of your companions: ever be above a mean action; deny yourself trifling gratifications, rather than submit to receive them at the price of your integrity—be mindful of my advice, make a proper use of my indulgence, and your purse shall be supplied as far as our straitened circumstances will allow." With this admonition I received a guinea. Such generous conduct had more effect than the most severe chastisement. I weighed her counsel, determined to alter my conduct, and avoid all my old companions with studied care."

#### UNFORTUNATE HOUSE OF STUART.

" Few princes, says Voltaire, speaking of James II. ' were more unhappy than James; and there is no instance, in history, of any family being more unfortunate for so great a length of time. The first of his ancestors, that bore the name of James, and was king of Scotland, after being detained prisoner in England eighteen years, was assassinated by the hands of his own subjects. James II. his son, was killed at nineteen years of age. James III. after being imprisoned by his subjects, was slain by the rebels in an engagement. James IV. perished in a battle which he lost. James V in the persuasion that his nobles and generals had betrayed him, died of grief, seven days before the birth of the unfortunate Mary after losing two sons in one day.— Mary Stewart, his daughter, driven from her throne, and a fugitive in England, after having languished eighteen years in a prison, was condemned to death by English judges, and lost her head on a scaffold! Charles I. grandson of Mary, king of England and Scotland, was sold by the Scotch, sentenced to death by the English, and died on a scaffold before the eyes of the people. James, his son, the seventh of his name in Scotland, and the second in England abandoned his three kingdoms, and died a fugitive at St. Germain. His son in attempting to regain the throne of his ancestors, only brought his friends under the hands of the executioner.

Charles-Edward, the grandson of James II. made the same attempt, with no better success, and escaped under difficulties almost incredible. If any thing, adds Voltaire, could justify those who believe in an unavoidable fatality, it would be the continued succession of misfortunes, which have befallen the house of Stuart, during the space of three hundred years."

If Voltaire had lived to this day, he might have witnessed the same severity of fortune in the instance of the only survivor of that unfortunate house, (cardinal York) with whom the direct male branch will be extinct.

#### CHINESE DOGS.

Dogs are a favorite food in China, and their flesh is common in the shambles. When the butchers are dragging (as is customary) half a dozen to the slaughter house, they are attacked by all the dogs within the hearing of the cries of their fellows, so that they are obliged to have people to defend them with sticks.

The common people of China will eat any animal even if they have died of sickness, such as dead horses and dogs that are seen floating down the channels. China is certainly the most plentiful, yet, from the vast superabundance of the inhabitants, no people suffer such misery as the lowest order; the produce of the earth frequently is insufficient to support such multitudes; this, not want of affection, compels them to expose their infants to death. In China, children are esteemed a peculiar blessing. In times of famine, or when the mother falls sick, or their milk fails, they expose them in the streets, or leave them to be murdered by the midwives; such horrid spectacles are frequent in the streets of Pekin and Canton.

The Captain of a vessel, some years ago, belonging to an American port, on his passage homeward, having been spoken by a Nantucket-man, who enquired if he sailed without convoy, he replied—"I have pursued my voyage without any other convoy than God Almighty; and HE is by far better than ~~THREE DECKERS!~~"

## CLASSICAL ACROSTIC.

On the entrance of the Allied army into France, about a year ago, a French professor at Dijon, gave Bonaparte a down hill kick in the following impromptu:—*Boston Centinel.*

## Translation.

|                         |                              |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| N I HIL fuit            | He was nothing;              |
| A ugustus evenit,       | He became Em peror;          |
| P opulos reduxit,       | He conquered nations;        |
| O rbem disturbavit,     | He disturbed the world;      |
| L ibertatem oppres sit, | He oppressed liberty;        |
| E cclesiam distraxit,   | He distracted the church;    |
| O mnia esse voluit,     | He wished to be every thing; |
| Nihil orit.             | He shall be nothing.         |

## EXCELLENT OBSERVATIONS.

The celebrated Montesquieu says, “ I have naturally a great anxiety for the prosperity and honor of my country, but very little for what is called its glory.

“ I always feel a secret pleasure when any regulation happens to be made for the public benefit.

“ Whenever I have resided in a foreign country, I have attached myself to it as my native land; my heart has shared in its fortunes, and I have longed to see it flourish.”

## ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

“ We are kindled into Gratitude by the first beams of Peace, which meet us from the East. The contrast which we drew between the calamities of War and the blessings of Peace, is of itself enough to touch every heart with pleasure. When we look back, we see the storm of war departing; when we look forward, we behold every man safely sitting under his own vine and his own g-tree, while there is none to make him afraid.”—*Richmond Enquirer.*

## ANECDOTES.

To preserve the tops of masts, of the shipping laid up for some years past, on

account of the war, it has been common to cover them with an inverted tar-barrel. A sailor yesterday, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, who ascended to remove one of these coverings, exclaimed as he accomplished his object, “ *Off comes Madison’s Night-cap.*”

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, before the facetious Foote; the latter whispered to him, “ And why do you not lay claims to such an accomplished beauty!” “ What right have I to her?” said the other.—“ Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer!”

Tedyuscung, a Delaware chief, was a little intoxicated. His friend said to him, “ There is one thing very strange and which I cannot account for. It is why the Indians get drunk so much more than the white people?” “ Do you think strange of that? (said the old chief,) why it is not strange at all. The Indians think it no harm to get drunk whenever they can; but you, white men, say it is a sin, and get drunk for all that.”

## THE MAHLESTROM.

A Danish paper states, that this dreadful whirlpool, situated to the westward of the coast of Lapland, has within the last two years, increased its phenomena. It now stands fifteen minutes every fifth hour—Vessels at the distance of eight or nine English miles are no longer safe, and its attractive force, when agitated by a storm, will even reach them, or the large kind of animals, at the distance of ten miles, and impetuously hurry them to destruction in the gulph. Two vessels, bound from Norway to the Virten Islands, having been driven last summer within nine miles of the Mahlestrom, and imagining themselves secure, as its operation was thought to be confined to six miles, were on a sudden carried away by the torrent, and with their crews, entirely lost. An island has lately merged from the sea to the north of Moscow—it is ten miles long and five broad, and bears no marks of volcanic origin.

# Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ADDRESS'D TO MISS E.—

BRIGHT Sol had shed his ambient ray,  
Refulgent on the dewy lawn;  
And Night was winding on her way,  
To make serene the approaching morn.

Mild Hesper now appear'd in view,  
Rising with all her beauteous swell:  
While lightly fell the vesper dew,  
To crown the parting word farewell.

“ And must I bid farewell, she cried :  
“ To one indelibly true,  
“ For oft when parting have I tried,  
“ To check the tear of chrystral hue,

“ That down my cheek in sadness steals,  
“ In fond remembrance of some hour;  
“ When dear to love, each sigh reveals,  
“ Love's mild, but unresisting pow'r.”

That tear for me, dear girl suppress,  
Nor give my parting moments pain,  
Why should the fears of doubt distress :  
“ We only part to meet again.”

ROBBA.

— — — — —  
LINES

Written on the blank leaf of a lady's Bible.

WHEN thy beauty shall fade, as 'tis certain it must,  
And thy brow now so smooth shall be wrinkled by age,  
When the cold hand of death shall consign thee to dust,  
And thy manners so pleasing shall cease to engage ;—

If thy hopes have been plac'd on those pages of truth,  
And Religion with Beauty together thou'st blended ;  
If thou'st trusted in God in the days of thy youth,  
And the hand of relief to the wretched extended ;

Then tho' fortune should frown and weak friends betray,  
And thy bark become wreck'd on mortality's shore,  
Yet this Book, if its truths thou shalt ever obey,  
Shall guide thee to regions where pain is no more :  
Where no waves e'er shall toss thee, no rude winds shall blow,  
But where pleasure's sure fountain unceas-ing shall flow.

PEACE.

On Peace ! thou source and soul of social life,  
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence  
SCIENCE his views enlarges, ART refines,  
And swelling COMMERCE opens all her ports,  
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee ;  
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;--  
Who sheathes the murderous blade, then  
Into the well pil'd armory returns ;  
And every vigor from the work of Death  
To grateful Industry converting, makes  
The country flourish, and the city smile.  
Nor blest at home alone ; his praise shall fly  
Far as the sun rolls its diffusive day,  
Far as the breeze can blow the gifts of Peace,  
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

JANUS has shut his temple door,  
And bellowing Mars has ceas'd to roar,  
Sweet Peace stalks forth with Olive wand,  
Commerce walks with her hand in hand.

— — — — —  
ON MY INFANT ASLEEP.

ENTRANC'D in sleep, how sweet my infant lies,  
Her vermil cheek from slumber deeper  
glows ;  
No guilty pangs, no loud despondent sighs,  
The period lessen of her soft repose.

Sweet innocent ! Oh ! may thy morn of life  
As spring be bright and vivid, full of joy ;  
And may the barbs of care, or thorns of strife,  
Ne'er wound thy breast mature, thy peace  
destroy.

And Oh ! may sorrow never bleach thy cheek,  
No tears of anguish from thy bright eyes  
roll,  
No wasting sickness make thy fine nerves  
weak,  
No perjur'd lover e'er distress thy soul.

Whate'er thy lot in this revolving scene,  
Or gay, or gloomy, Oh ! may Heav'n be  
friend !  
And purge thy mind from ev'ry passion meang  
And female softness with pure wisdom  
blend.

Then will mine eyes, tho' weak perhaps with  
age,  
Of rapt'rous joy emit one lively ray ;  
Clasp'd in thy lovely arms it would assuage  
Nature's last pangs, and banish all dismay.

— — — — —  
EPIGRAMS

“ I LAUGH,” a would-be sapient cries,  
“ At every one who laughs at me”—  
“ Good Lord !” a sneering friend replies,  
“ How merry you must ALWAYS be !”

LET the loud thunder roll along the skies,  
Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise,  
“ Indeed, (quoth Peter) how your lot I bless,  
To be so shelter'd in so thin a dress.”

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

PEACE stoop'd from Heav'n, as by divine command,  
And sought a dwelling in our favor'd land :  
Her looks so sweet, so exquisitely mild,  
Earth gaz'd enraptur'd and Columbia smil'd.

Peace to my country ! how pleasing the sound  
As it flies to the listening ear :  
To each heart it brings gladness ; a balm to  
each wound :  
From the fearful it banishes fear.

Joy to my country ! the Olive of Peace  
Revisits her borders once more :  
Her trade will revive ; agriculture increase,  
While our father and God we adore.

Sons of my country ! undaunted you'll stand,  
While a christian your banners shall wave ;  
With Him for your motto who's always at  
hand,  
Whose arm's never shorten'd to save.

God of my country ! to thee be all praise :  
All honor and glory be thine,  
Till the comet shall cease in its orbit to blaze,  
And a star in the Heavens to shine !

SUILLENROE.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1815.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The Treaty of Peace, ratified by the President, was brought here express on Sunday in 23 hours from Washington. Owing to its length, we shall only say, that as the closer of an unprofitable war, and the Herald of better times, it was received here and in every part of the country, with the greatest approbation—in the display of the most extensive illuminations, shouts, shows, fire-works and firing of cannon, &c. &c.

The war being at end, the U. S. marshal, on Wednesday last issued a notice to all British subjects within the district of New-York (not prisoners of war) that they are released from the restrictions which have been imposed on them as alien enemies.

By the treaty, the coasting trade may be safely commenced the first of March ; the trade to and from the West-Indies, Great-Britain, France, Spain and Portugal, the 19th day of March ; to and from the North Sea, the Baltic and the Mediterranean, on the 29th day of March ; to and from South-America, and the Atlantic ocean south of the equator as far as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the 29th of May ; and to every part of the world, on the 17th day of June next ; which, to a day will complete the third year of the war.

A British frigate on the coast of N. Carolina, has lately made a sweep of six coasting schooners, laden with tobacco and flour.

The destruction of col. Woodbine and his party, as published last week, dont appear to be true.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Roswell S. Nichols, of Bridgeport, to Miss Ann H. Wing, of this city.

At Dosoris, (L. I.) John N. Lloyd, esq. of this city, to Miss Phebe T. Coles, daughter of gen. Coles, of the former place.

At Branford, Conn. the 11th inst. Mr. William Swan, of this city, merchant, to Miss Martha Willard of Guildford.

### DIED.

Of a lingering illness on the 16th inst. after a well spent life, Mrs. Elizabeth Glenton, a native of England, in the 83d year of her age.

Mr. Alexander Forbes, one of the oldest printers in America

Miss Jane Chapman, in her 19th year.

Capt. Peter Bogert, aged 37.

Mr. Robert Wheaton, aged 27.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bishop, consort of Mr. Ezekiel Bishop, in the 58th year of her age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dover, wife of Mr. J. Dover.

Mr. James Buckley, a native of England.

Mrs. Nancy Maltbie, relict of the late Mr. David Maltbie, in the 50th year of her age.

At Red-Hook, (Duchess Co.) the Hon. William Jones, esq. son to the late, and brother to the present lord Raneleah.

In this City, Robert Fulton, esq. after a few days illness, in the 42d year of his age.

It is with the deepest regret that we are under the necessity of recording the death of ROBERT FULTON, esq. who departed this life last evening, after a short illness, to the inexpressible sorrow of his relatives and friends, and the incalculable loss of the people of the United States, on whom, as well as the world at large, he has conferred, in bringing the invention of Steam-Boats to their present degree of perfection and utility, advantages and obligations which must endear his name to the present generation and ensure to it the gratitude of the latest posterity.—*Col.*

On Tuesday last, in this city, QUASHEE, an African, at the advanced age of 113 years ; he retained his senses to the last, and enjoyed very good health. He had resided in the family of Mrs. Rachel Arden, for upwards of 70 years.

### THE MUSEUM.

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